

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss Chapter 1516

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Angie flaunted how her love for Eric was more solid than gold before looking at the silent Mitchell behind her.

"Mitchell, please ask Eric to pick me up. I'm tired..."

Mitchell expressionless retreated to the side to make a phone call.

Nicole and Clayton exchanged a glance. Just then, Yvette came over to say hello and pulled Nicole away.

Nicole was still a little worried about Clayton, who was still standing there.

Yvette said, "Are you afraid she'll eat him up? That woman's target isn't Clayton."

That was true.

Nicole sighed in relief.

Yvette spoke with a smile.

"Those people were originally inquiring about the identity of Eric's fiancée. After this, no one will inquire again. Hahaha..."

Nicole also curled her lips. For some reason, she found it quite funny.

It was such a sensitive word, but Angie said it like she was selling toys.

Clayton said a few words and wanted to leave, but Angie suddenly stopped him.

"Mr. Sloan, keep an eye on Nicole. Don't let her come out and cause trouble when I'm engaged!"

Clayton frowned slightly. "Of course. I wish you a happy engagement."

Angie smiled. "Mr. Sloan, don't you want to know how I proceeded so smoothly?"

Without waiting for him to refuse, she spoke up.

"I chopped off one of Charles's legs. Eric actually got scared and agreed to the engagement obediently. I plan to expand part of our power in East Asia over here, so Eric won't easily break off the marriage. He'll be dead set on me! Do you think my method is good?"

Clayton was silent for more than half a minute and did not have any reaction.

In the end, he let out a light laugh. "It's a good idea."

Angie smiled in satisfaction upon seeing his approval.

"I like talking with smart people like you. When you get married to Nicole, I'll definitely send you a big gift."

Clayton did not say anything else and turned around to search for Nicole's figure. That stupid woman. Angie was basically sold out by Eric, yet she was still helping him to count money.

How could Clayton believe that such a woman would pose a threat to Eric?

Nicole said goodbye to Yvette and went outside to get a breather. It felt much better than the room inside, which was mixed with a mess of perfume fragrances. Unexpectedly, as soon as she went out, she saw a tall shadow standing at the door.

The man stood there, and his gaze was blazing as he saw her too.

His voice was a little raspy. "Nicole..."

He did not manage to hide the cold frown between his eyes.

Nicole paused and nodded as if nothing happened,

intending to go around him.

Eric did not make any other move and just said one sentence.

"Tell Clayton not to have any ideas about Angie. Otherwise, I'll kill him as well."

There was a dense chill in those words.

Nicole did not understand and wanted to ask for clarification, but Eric had already pushed the door open and walked in.

She did not go after him. Not long after, Clayton came out.

He held her coat, and his eyes were warm. "Let's go. It's a little cold outside..."

Nicole nodded and got into the car. When she looked sideways at him, he also happened to look at her.

He seemed to catch on and pursed his lips. "Do you have something to say?"

Nicole nodded.

"You didn't make any deals with Angie, right?"

The meaning in Eric's words just now clearly meant that he knew that Clayton and Angie had a private connection.

However, why did they have a connection?

Nicole did not understand. It was like a fog densely shrouded her vision so that she could not see anything.

She did not want to speculate or doubt Clayton, so she asked straightforwardly.

Clayton paused for a moment. His gaze darkened in an instant.

"No."

Nicole pursed her lips. She pulled her hand out of Clayton's, and her expression turned glum.

She clearly saw a trace of nervousness across Clayton's eyes.

He was lying.

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Clayton felt that something was wrong with Nicole in an instant. He took a deep breath. "Babe..."

Nicole interrupted him and looked at the driver in front.

"Pull over."

The driver was Clayton's. He hesitated, not knowing what to do.

There was clearly nothing wrong when they came here. How did it suddenly change?

When Nicole saw that the driver had no intention of stopping, she immediately tried to open the door. Clayton's face changed, and he immediately stopped her hand.

"Nicole..."

There was anxiousness in his tone.

He looked at the driver. "Stop the car."

The car slowly stopped at the side of the road, and Nicole got out without saying a word.

She did not know what she was angry about, but her heart was stuffy.

It was not because of Eric and Angie, but because Clayton was also involved in this matter.

Nicole never suspected him, but he hid it well.
Clayton naturally did not let Nicole leave like that and chased after her, standing in front of her.
“Wait, I’ll tell you everything.”
He was really scared. He was so scared that Nicole would look at him with such indifferent eyes.
It was like she did not know him.
He took a deep breath and could only tell her what he told Angie privately.
“I didn’t want to hurt anyone. I just hoped that Angie wouldn’t try anything with you, and I don’t want her to step on you to contact Eric, so I provided her with a few ideas for her to pester Eric.”
When Clayton saw Nicole standing there stoically, he was at a loss and panicked.
“Nicole, don’t give me the silent treatment. If you’re angry, you can hit me and scold me all you want.”
When such a gentle person said such humble words, it was indeed quite pitiful.

Nicole pursed her lips as her heart wavered.
If it was just that, there was indeed nothing to be angry about.
She looked at him with a deep gaze. “Do you know what your mistake was?”
“Yes.”
Clayton spoke firmly.
Nicole’s lips curled. “What is it then?”
Clayton hesitated for a few seconds before speaking. “I should’ve told you from the beginning...”
Nicole smiled. “I’m not interested in knowing that. Your biggest mistake was that you lied to me when I asked you just now.”
“Babe, I was wrong. I won’t dare to do it again, I promise!”
Clayton looked at her with sincere eyes. The gentleness in his eyes looked like he wanted to take her in.
Nicole was really powerless against that gaze. He was the best at using this trick against her.
When Clayton saw her attitude soften, he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around her. His actions were extremely gentle.
“Nicole, I did it completely out of jealousy. I admit my selfishness, but if I made you upset because of this matter, I’m sorry.”
His tone was low and raspy, like a wisp of fog in the darkness.
Nicole paused and wrapped her arms around his waist, sighing.
“Forget it. I’ll forgive you this time.”
Clayton put some force in his hands and held her tightly. His warmth instantly enveloped her. Nicole smiled.
“Well, let’s go back?”
Clayton nodded, and his gaze darkened. “To the apartment?”
She knew at a glance what he was up to.
Nicole chuckled. “To the mansion! My dad is waiting for me to have dinner.”
She waved her phone in front of him to show that she was not lying.
The light in Clayton’s eyes dimmed. He sighed and was unwilling but compelled to let go.

“If only Uncle Floyd liked me as much as he likes Michael. That way, I could live in your house.”
There were surprisingly a few hints of coquettishness in those words.
Nicole smiled. “Then you have to work hard.”
Clayton sent her back to the mansion and watched her go in before he slowly

sighed in relief.
He almost lost her.

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Fortunately, Clayton's dealings with Angie were not that deep. That woman almost harmed him.

After this incident, almost everyone knew that Eric's fiancée was a remarkable person.

However, although she was great, they did not dare to touch her.

They did not even know to kiss up to her.

After all, if they were not careful, they would easily end up getting themselves killed.

Before the engagement, Angie was in a hurry to expand her forces to Atlanta. She constantly attended various major celebrity gatherings, and Eric seemed to let her do as she pleased.

He did not care, did not ask, and did not stop her. He only sent someone to follow her, so no one could figure out what he wanted.

Ferguson Corporation.

Eric had just hung up the phone when someone knocked on the door and came in. Keith was panting as he sat opposite Eric with a smug look, tossing the document in his hand on the table.

"Ferg, you have to thank me well this time. Do you know how much effort I went through to get this thing?"

Eric faintly hooked his lips. His eyes were obscure and sharp.

"I left a villa over in the harbor for you. Didn't you say that Livia was pregnant and wanted to go there to raise the baby?"

Keith was stunned. That place was completely bought off before it even finished construction, so even someone like him did not manage to get a place. Eric probably took a lot of effort to get it.

He did not expect such generosity. "Ferg..."

Keith was incredibly touched.

Although Livia was with him, it was mostly because of the child.

Living in their previous house always made her think about the bad past.

That was why Keith wanted to move out, but he did not take a liking to ordinary places and was unable to obtain the place he did take a liking to.

Eric's generous move helped him solve a big problem!

Eric was disgusted by that emotional response. "Get down to business."

Keith immediately turned serious. "Don't worry. You let Angie expand her business. On one hand, you arranged for assistants to help her, and you also let her in and out of the relevant departments for quality control, letting her think that things are going well. She has already started to contact her people in East Asia. The people on that side also foolishly think that there's a big fat piece of meat waiting for them here..."

Eric's eyes darkened for a moment. "There's no movement from her father?"

Keith spoke seriously.

“Not yet, but the people in contact with Angie won’t fail to tell that arms dealer Caleb. After all, he’s been eyeing the firearms business here for a long time. He just doesn’t have enough connections for now. If you marry his daughter, he’ll get the connections he needs. It’s unlikely he’ll step in to stop it, and he might even facilitate your marriage. I think that Caleb will probably come over when you get engaged.”

Eric narrowed his eyes. The atmosphere in the office was dark and gloomy.

“Dig along this line. If Caleb comes, he won’t fail to bring my father along either. When that time comes, no one can leave.”

There was an intimidating chill in his tone.

Keith nodded. “Don’t worry, I’m keeping an eye out for you. Uncle Charles... He’ll be fine...”

What he wanted to say was that it was good enough that Charles was still alive.

After all, Angie was a psycho.

To force Eric into marriage, Angie really dared to chop off one of Charles’s legs. If not for the DNA test proving that the severed limb was from Charles, Eric would not have agreed to it.

Although there was little movement domestically, the matter had spread in the foreign mob.

Eric had to save him.

He was threatened and provoked by a woman. Who was the one being forced here?

Eric’s forehead bulged with veins as he held back his emotions. He only let out a dull sound from his throat.

Seeing that he had no intention of continuing the chat, Keith got up and left.

Keith had not seen Eric in action for a long time. Vaguely, he felt some anticipation.

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Angie attached great importance to the engagement. Both the process and the clothing were carefully selected.

Eric’s people were also extremely cooperative.

Eric did not want to participate in the process of trying on wedding dresses, but Angie was extremely serious and had someone call Eric to come over and see.

In this shopping mall, it was difficult to make an appointment in this bridal store.

However, to Angie, it was not hard to name – drop Eric. Who would not show respect to the Ferguson family?

Unexpectedly, when they went there, they saw unexpected people.

Nicole was accompanying Yvette to try on her wedding dress.

The one Yvette was wearing had just been shipped from France. Lance had it booked in advance, so she took the time to find Nicole to try on the dress.

It could be said to be the only one of its kind.

The attendant welcomed Angie and Eric and politely bowed.

“If you need anything, please call us to serve you.”

Angie looked at Nicole sitting on the sofa, and then at Yvette, and her expression

changed.

She looked up at Eric and secretly regretted it in her heart.

Fortunately, there was not much change in his expression.

He sat at a distance, as if he did not see Nicole. Angie smiled.

She walked over to look at Yvette's wedding dress and admired it.

"This dress is beautiful. I want it too."

The attendant looked like she was put on the spot.

Yvette smiled. "I had this custom-made. It needed to be booked three months in advance and is the

only one of its kind. You can't buy it."

Angie's face changed slightly. Nicole stood up, stopping Yvette from continuing to provoke Angie, and smiled.

"Yvette's wedding dress was designed by incorporating her and her husband's name, so it's unique. If you wear it, it'll be like wearing Yvette's name to get married."

Angie's gaze loosened and she nodded. "Then forget it."

She walked over to Eric. "Let's customize one too!" Angie wanted to have what others had.

Eric looked up. His eyes suffused with a chill, but his voice was particularly restrained.

"Sure, then postpone the engagement for three months."

Angie's eyes flashed for a moment. "Forget it. The engagement is more important than the dress."

Nicole and Yvette glanced at each other and remained silent.

Yvette originally wanted this designer's customized model and just came here to see if it was suitable. Since it was, there was no need to continue.

She went in and changed back into her ordinary clothes before coming out. There were just a few details that had to be improved a little.

Yvette pulled Nicole out, and they left without even looking at Eric.

Eric did not take the initiative to greet them either. It was like seeing a stranger. When she left and the wind chime of the door closing sounded, veins slightly raised on the back of Eric's hand.

Angie tried on the wedding dress and came out, happily carrying the skirt to receive praise from others.

"Eric, look. Do I look good? I want to be your most beautiful bride!"

Eric was indifferent. His eyes did not land on Angie's body.

Angie did not mind either. She went over and sat on his lap, deliberately wrapping his arms around his neck and speaking with a smile.

"Look, you already forgot about her. You can do it. As long as you don't look at her, I won't touch her."

A trace of coldness flashed in Eric's eyes, and he fiercely pushed her off him.

It was like even restraining himself felt offensive. "Try it on yourself. I have work to do."

His tone was icy as he straightened his clothes and lifted his feet to leave.

The corners of Angie's mouth twitched. "Will your relatives not attend the wedding? Do you want to pick up your elders and sister from abroad?"

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Eric suddenly paused and looked back, staring at Angie intently.
“Pick them up so I can be threatened by you? Angie, if you dare to think about doing anything to them, I don’t mind using your life to pay for Charles’s.”
A flash of pale shock flashed in Angie’s eyes.
It was not until Eric slammed the door and left did the unnaturalness on Angie’s face gradually faded.
No matter what she did, Eric would always get the wrong idea.
Forget it. She would release Charles when they got married.
At that time, Eric would understand her sincerity.

After Nicole and Yvette left, they went to a cafe for some coffee and sighed in relief.

Yvette sent a message to Lance before looking at Nicole in front of her, extremely calm.
“Why didn’t you just let me diss her? That woman is really shallow. She said that she wanted someone else’s wedding dress?”
Just saying it made her angry.
Who dared to think about Yvette’s things? Nicole frowned and looked at her.
“It’s not like you don’t know Angie’s background. Don’t cause trouble and save yourself the inconvenience.”
“I’m not afraid of her.”

Yvette smiled fearlessly. “Eric must be blind to take a fancy to that person. Why should I be afraid?”

Nicole looked at her solemnly.
“Ms. Quimbey, don’t think that foreign countries are as peaceful as Mediana. You’ve been to Central Asia as a tourist, but the Central Asia she stays in is war-torn. You’ll really be powerless if she tries to make a move against you.”
Yvette was stunned and blinked. Her voice subconsciously weakened.
“You don’t have to exaggerate that much.”
Nicole shook her head helplessly. She would always remember the turmoil in the streets of Europe. She remembered the brushes with death like it was just yesterday.

Eric and Angie’s engagement ceremony was a bit too low profile.
No one knew if it was because of Eric’s order, but even the media was not notified. The partners in the industry were not invited in a flamboyant way, and only some people in Atlanta’s business circles received the invitation.
The scope was not clearly defined, and there was no extra planning for those with good or bad relationships. It was as if it was not his own engagement ceremony.
Even so, there was an endless stream of people who wanted to make connections with the Ferguson family. Everyone tried their best to get an invitation to participate.
The closer it got to the day, the more nervous everyone’s movements were.
Even Nicole heard a lot of rumors. Some people even tried to get an invitation to Eric’s engagement ceremony through her.
Nicole politely declined their request and said that she had not received an invitation either.
At that point, everyone looked at Nicole with heartache and regret, feeling indignant for her.
Even if he was her ex-husband, he should not ignore the dignity on the surface.
It was as if she was the one who was abandoned. Men’s hearts changed too

quickly.

Eric was really narrow-minded.

Nicole only smiled and did not say anything.

She was not interested in joining the hustle and bustle. Compared to Eric, she was not willing to be tied to marriage and waited to see his next move.

However, on the day of the engagement, Yvette went over with Lance excitedly.

Yvette looked in high spirits as she fanned the flames while watching the bustle.

Lance looked exasperated.

She should not be in the business circle. She should be in the entertainment circle instead.

In the most luxurious commercial hotel in Atlanta.

Many people stood at the door, exchanging pleasantries with each other. Before they got out of the car, Lance told Yvette not to wander around.

Yvette answered perfunctorily.

Lance simply took her hand and went in together, not giving her the chance to leave his side.

Even he sensed that today's engagement party was unusual.

The bodyguards and waiters at the door were most likely not arranged by the hotel. Only professional security teams have that cold aura.

A dangerous aura was secretly surging behind the bright lights.